

Candy Coated Suicide

Twist one at a time,
 Give them a shake
Pop, pop, pop...
 One, two, three...
Or maybe more.
 Didn't count.
Pink pill, Blue pill
 Tie-dye, psychedelic
Empty bottles, caps
 Not childproof
Spinning, spinning
 Everything swirly
Hear the voices, told you so
 Said they wouldn't work
Not crazy, not crazy
 Can't you hear them too?
Crying, screaming, laughing
 Everywhere I turn
Wispy fingers, cotton touch
 There and gone
Shower curtain, white with stripes
 Hands can't reach
Hard to breathe, wrapped up
 Tangled up in prison stripes
Fuzzy vision, going black
 Cold tile, blue and white
Numbering like the stars

Floor's tilty
Shouldn't tilt, crooked's bad
Like Mother says she is,
A little liar, a poisonous viper
What does that make Mother?
Mother can go to hell
Cold sink, porcelain giant
Tall and strong and ready to crush
Cracks and fractures and tiny glass shards
Again the voices, singing this time
Rockabye, rockabye, little girl
You'll be joining us soon
Laughing, laughing
Knock knock, who's there?
Just the voices, like I said
One, two, three
One, two, three
One, two...